



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

First Base



👁 26 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by -

It was cold out, and I was early. With one foot on first base, I looked around taking in the familiar air, and wondering why it was different today. Overhead, black birds soared expectantly. In the distance, dark clouds gathered. Across the dirt field, a cluster of trees stood and leaves rustled - whispering some secret. A breeze drifted in, picking up a mixture of sand and clay, sweeping them across the deserted lot - like waves, rolling over and over itself. I took several steps backward. My glove dropped to the ground like a lifeless form sinking into water - slowly sinking, as I did now. My spine, sliding against the backstop, slumped, and settles in the dust. Hot tears trickled down my sunken cheeks as I rubbed stiff fingers against stocking clad legs. For what seemed an eternity, I sat there alone, in the empty baseball field, weeping. My heart ached and my soul cried out in agony as remembrances of better times consumed my clouded thoughts. The incessant splattering of nature shook me out of my anguish. Lifting my heavy head upward, I realized how wet I was - soaked in the sudden outburst of rain. A thunderous clap sent chills up my weak legs as I sprang up. I could feel a strange change in the atmosphere; every pore of my body sensed it. The wind began to shift and strengthen - as if gathering a mighty force. I saw the black birds swiftly flying away. No longer were there dark clouds in the distance, but the entire sky was engulfed in stormy warfare. The cluster of trees now groaned

and swayed - no more were the leaves whispering their secret for they were being here and there, tossed at the wind's every whim. I looked around. What was I to do? In every direction the trees were being uprooted. Only a few trees dared to cut through the surface of the ground, but they were struggling to stay firmly rooted to the ground. With no safe haven to run to, I felt again forsaken, only now by Nature.

[See more of Story Wars](#)[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

Life was too much for me, I was overwhelmed. My head began to spin slowly, blurring the desolate lot. I heard a shrill whistling, piercing my head with pain. Then the scene of utter chaos ceased, as blackness surrounded me. Tumbling to the flooded earth, I became unconscious...

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

i You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) |



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account